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FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, June 6.

The *Tribune* in a telegram from Cairo says that the natives at Talodi, 200 miles south of El Obeid, attacked the Soudanese garrison killing two officers and 15 men.

The disturbance is apparently purely local.

Forty Egyptians were killed in the attack on Talodi.

Major O'Connell with 240 camelry has left El Obeid and other reinforcements are being sent.

France is sending two cruisers to Tangier to support the demands for reparation for the murder of a Frenchman named Charbonnier outside Tangier, including the execution of the murderers and a heavy indemnity.

Two more wounded soldiers have died in Madrid.

Owing to the number of the injured suffering from blood-poisoning it is believed that the bomb was poisoned.

A torchlight procession ended the festivities last night.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and the other foreign guests leave Madrid to day.

There is no symptom of conciliation between the Government and the Duma which sits daily for a long time discussing the misdemeanours of officialdom and vast projects of reform.

The Minister Gourko was yesterday howled down by the peasants' party.

The Japanese have decided to garrison Korea with two divisions and to keep twenty thousand men in Manchuria exclusive of Port Arthur.

The death is announced of General Desirier, the Governor of Paris.

London, June 7.

The Prince and Princess of Wales left Madrid last evening.

King Alfonso and Queen Ena said farewell to them at the station.

The withdrawal of the Worcesters from Egypt is due to military and in nowise to political reasons. It is considered that their presence is now unnecessary, other reinforcements having sufficiently strengthened the garrison.

Twenty Japanese naval officers lunched with the King and Queen at Windsor and inspected the Castle.

A twenty-five knot turbine Cunarder, the *Lucitina*, has been launched on the Clyde, and she is the largest and fastest vessel in the world, her tonnage being 32,500.

London, June 8.

The idea is gaining ground in Natal that the employment of Imperial troops will be necessary owing to the wider ramifications of the rebellion.

Great disquietude exists among the whites in Zululand.

Colonel Mackenzie's prolonged drives through the bush are greatly exhausting his men.

A diplomatic mission headed by the station minister, Signor Malmusi, has arrived at Fez to secure the Sultan's adhesion to the Algeiras Conference.

The King and Queen of Italy to-day entertained at luncheon at Rome the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of the City of London who have been to the Milon exhibition.

The proceedings were of a most cordial nature.

The New Zealand liner *Gothic* has arrived at Plymouth on fire and had to be beached.

It is feared she will become a total loss.

The fire on the New Zealand line *Gothic* has been extinguished.

The Japanese battleships *Katori* and *Kashima* have left Portsmouth for Japan after exchanging salutes.

The death is announced of Sir Halliday Macartney.

London, June 9.

Following the Japan model a number of officers belonging to the British Army will participate in the Naval manoeuvres, which will begin to-day.

Dinizulu has expressed a wish to come to Maritzburg and interview the Government, but owing to ill health is sending trusted indunas.

The Russian Duma is heatedly discussing the agrarian question. Representative Labourites declared that the Ministers were driven out, but they refused to budge and had neither shame nor conscience.

The attempt of the President to call order was drowned in cheering.

London, June 10.

Bands of terrorists at Warsaw last night simultaneously pillaged 23 Government alcohol stores and burned five.

Troops intervened. Sixteen people were killed and wounded.

London, June 9.

An inspired article in the German *Grenzboten* urges that the Bagdad Railway furnishes an excellent opportunity for the conclusion of an Anglo-German agreement.

It protests that Germany's interests are purely economic, whereas British interests are political. The construction of the railway signifies the strengthening of the Muhammadan world with which Britain has largely to reckon.

London, June 10.

The Khedive arrived at Constantinople yesterday, lunched at the palace and drove to his residence on the Bosphorus.

Allahabad, June 10.

Dr. Sven Hedin has left Simla for Chinese Turkestan. His explorations are likely to extend over a considerable period.

Sir Alfred Gaselee like Sir Archibald Hunter is, the *Pioneer* understands, to receive an extension of one year in his command. His three years' tenure expires on the 30th instant.

London, June 11.

Colonel Mackenzie's force partly succeeded in surrounding the rebels in the Mome Valley.

At important chief named Mablokzulu and 350 others were killed. A captain in the Transvaal contingent and a Natal officer were killed and eight whites were wounded.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is hardly likely that any of our readers are given to envying the pomp and royal estate of kings; but if there be any who have had a little of the "old man" roused in their hearts by the accounts of festivities to accompany the Spanish marriage, recent events must surely have destroyed all such inclinations. We were taught in one of the first proverbs ever learned in childhood "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and every year of the world's history gives fresh illustrations of the terrible force of that statement. Young brides who may have wished that their robes were a little finer, or that they had some of the wonderful lace that went to adorn the Princess Ena's wedding garments, would not take the blood spattered apparel of the new queen in exchange for their own spotless attire for any price. And the young husband who has looked forward so eagerly to welcoming his wife to the safety and calm repose of the home he has prepared for her—is he not glad that the dynamite bomb has no terrors for him? Truly to be a king in the 20th century is no enviable position. Insane anarchy has no respect for good intentions, and the mere fact that a head has a crown upon it—whether it be the head of a despot or of a benevolent sovereign makes its poor possessor the target for the most deadly missiles man's ingenuity can fashion.

This is the dynamite age in more senses than one. If this explosive is used for wrong purposes, it has also a value which can hardly be over estimated.

The United States of America has undertaken the construction of a canal which must be cut in many places through solid rock. We are told that, even in this age of inconceivably rapid work, the task will not be completed in less than twelve years, and it may take twenty. Year after year this new slave of man's scientific skill—this deadly dynamite—will be working away obediently, tearing out and crushing the very entrails of the granite hills. A few handfuls of a substance made by chemists at their leisure in their laboratories will do a work in a moment which Pharaoh's toiling multitudes would have hardly accomplished in many months.

What a picture of the life of man is furnished by these two different scenes! God has given him powers, the extent of which he cannot measure, but which he must realize to be supremely effective for good or for ill. He uses them carelessly as a child uses what is put into its hands. But Oh the difference in responsibility! When will we learn our terrible lesson "What a man soweth that also shall he reap."

MORE ACCOUNT OF THE REVIVAL ASSEMBLY AT MAIRANG AND ITS RESULTS.

The Assembly held at Mairang last March, is looked upon by many as marking a new Epoch in the history of Christianity in India. We know that it shows that wonderful changes will take place when the Spirit of God will be poured upon the country. Who would have thought that a small village nearly a hundred miles from the nearest Steamer Office and hundreds of miles from the nearest Railway, could have accommodated and entertained a gathering of 8,000 to 10,000 people for several days, but Spirit-filled men will attempt and accomplish great things.

Knowing the far-reaching effects of the gathering we asked the Rev. R. Evans, the Missionary of the place to give us his impressions of the Assembly and its effect on the district in which it was held, and he has very kindly sent us the following account. It traverses some of the ground previously described but it throws additional light on many incidents, and we know that many will read it with interest.

"You ask for facts concerning the Assembly held here last March and the results of it on the combined Districts at present under my care. I am not sure that I can produce any important facts not previously mentioned; but may God help me to write a short account to His glory, and for the strengthening of the faith of His people, who may read it.

We have had many glorious meetings in the Khassia Hills during the last twelve months, but it is acknowledged that the last Assembly was more remarkable than any of them. I doubt whether there has ever been a more wonderful meeting held since Pentecost. It was the Assembly of the Revival. We had strange Presbyteries, but Presbyteries are only sectional meetings, but the Assembly is an annual gathering in which the Christians of the whole of our Mission take a living interest. The zealous ones from all parts came to the Assembly and even those who failed to come were praying for its success. There never was such general persistent prayer for any meeting on the Hills before, and God having done so much for them during the year made them expectant of great results, and they were not disappointed. Many persons said that the Spirit has assured them long before the Assembly that it would be a won-

derful gathering. The success of the Assembly therefore came in answer to earnest, believing prayer.

A general invitation had been sent out that all who wished could attend the Assembly, and with such expectations it was natural that a large number should attend. Rajah Kine Singh who is a deacon of the Mairang Church had promised to bear the greater part of the burden, but even he had not expected half the number that came together. By Friday night it was known that the food specially prepared for the Assembly would be consumed before Saturday night. When the Rajah heard this, he said that God would provide for those that He had sent to the Assembly, and he immediately sent men to the neighbouring villages to procure cattle, rice &c., &c., to feed the five or six thousand people which fell to his share of the burden.....The village being small several straw huts had been put up for sleeping accommodation, but when the people came together it was found that after having occupied every available house both in the Christian and heathen villages, a large number still remained unaccommodated, many had to sleep in cow-houses, goat-houses &c., and it is with while saying it, not a single complaint was made by any one. The Christians had not come for enjoyment, they had come to meet God—to see His “wondrous words towards the children of men” and to be partakers with them. Some said they would have preferred fasting all the days of the Assembly than stay away. Both Missionaries and native Christians vied with each other in denying themselves. The Missionaries had been given the Day Schoolroom for a dormitory but when they saw that hundreds of women had no place to sleep in, they readily offered to vacate the place and slept themselves in all sorts of odd places, which at other times might have thought unbearable, and judging from the bright faces every where, one would say that the greater the discomfort the more people enjoyed it.

Though the chapel had been enlarged for the occasion, thousands could not enter, so it was arranged that services would be held in the Open Air while the delegates carried on the business part of the Assembly in the chapel, but men often crowded into the chapel so that one General Pastoral Committee had to be held under a tree.

The two great meetings of the Assembly were the Ordination Meeting on Saturday and the 10 o'clock

meeting on Sunday. These were quite unique in the history of the Church and can never be forgotten, but it is impossible to describe them....At the ordination service three good Evangelists were ordained as Pastors. This had to be held in the Open Air and as far as we know this was the first ordination ceremony ever held in the Open Air, unless it was in the case of the apostles. Though not in a consecrated building God, no doubt, put his zeal on the ordination of these men by being present to reveal His wonderful power. The native Pastor who had been appointed to speak on “Church Polity” preached a sermon instead on I Kings XVIII. 21 “How long halt ye between two opinions” and no doubt he was led by the Spirit in doing this. After an earnest exhortation by one of the Missionaries the meeting was to have been ended; but just then a man from the congregation asked to be allowed to speak, and came forward, but before he reached the platform he began to cry most pitifully to God to forgive him. He is one of those who have been owned of God in the Revival, God had told him to speak, but he had failed to muster sufficient courage to do so, and so he had grieved the Holy Spirit and he said that he was made an example of, for his disobedience. The man rolled on the ground and writhed in the most fearful agony. He screamed that a fire, like the fire of hell, was burning and devour his heart. He begged of all to pray to God to forgive him, several responded immediately, and soon, judging by the groans and loud amens, the whole congregation seemed to be praying. The suspense for about fifteen minutes was almost unbearable. At last the man was forgiven, and he immediately jumped for joy many times, and rang out God's praises which could be heard half a mile away, and the congregation joined him heartily. The sight was some thing like a forest in a storm when the man was in agony all the people felt as if they were standing before the GREAT WHITE THRONE, and were quaking with fear. The Spirit of God could not have used a more effective means of putting His fear on sinners, without making it almost a hell on earth. It is a terrible thing for a child of God to disobey Him, but what about the SINNER who openly poses as the enemy of God and lives in disobedience!

Sinner! only one step more may hurl thee into etern-



ity to reap corruption, what thou art sowing in sin.

Sinner! then stop, think, turn back, and thou wilt be instantly made a child of God, and wilt not come into judgment, because thou hast past from death unto life.

By 10 o'clock Sunday morning thousand had gathered in front of the platform that had been hurriedly erected on the slope of another hill which was more convenient than the one on which the service was held the previous day. It was an inspiring sight to stand on the platform simply to see the people with one mind worshipping God. Many non-Christians had come to the service and they also had been led to expect great things.

A native Pastor and a Missionary had been appointed to preach but before the opening service had ended the whole congregation was like a seething caldron. All the people seemed to be either singing, praying, rejoicing or groaning under conviction. There were scores in trances and many said that they received direct messages from God. Some timid women were heard praying eloquently, quite oblivious of all around them. Many had visions of Christ. Some saw Him on the cross and so ghastly was the sight that they cried bitterly in agony of soul "Oh! how dreadful" "Oh! my Saviour" then fell into a swoon. Some saw Him as a glorious soldier with a shining sword in His hand, others saw His face shining with glory. The visions must have been very real to them, or they would never have made such impressions upon them.

A woman near the platform crept in terrible agony on account of her sin and writhed on the ground. She said that she had refused to obey God by confessing Him, she had a vision of Christ but had paid no heed to it. Her supplications for pardon were most pitiful. She said that she saw hell opening its mouth beside her ready to swallow her, and she moved away from it through the crowds. Many prayed for her and with her and when she felt that she had been forgiven, her joy was unbounded. Then she began to dance and praise God, and made her way through the crowd in search of the man with whom she lived as her husband, calling him loudly as she went the following week she and the man came to me to be properly married and were received into the Church the same day. This woman has had visions of Christ since then and has been bearing witness to Him fearlessly ever since. Nothing but

the Holy Spirit could have made such a change in her life, and made her such an intrepid courageous witness for the truth.

Reference has been made in previous accounts to the Lushai Christians that attended the Assembly. They were called forward at this service and the vast congregation prayed that they should be filled with the Spirit and be able to carry the fire back to Lushai, and now we know how literally their prayers have been answered. One of the Lushais prayed under very deep emotion and the people seemed to follow him, though they could not understand his language, and when they saw signs that he was under the powerful influence of the Spirit, their joy was unbounded.

This wonderful meeting closed about 2 o'clock, it had commenced raining, but many remained on the ground after that hour in the midst of the rain, they felt it difficult to tear themselves away from a spot that had become sacred to them.

It was a disappointment to many to see the rain, but God probably wanted to have the rest of the day with His own people. Most of the non-Christians went home, but others flocked into the chapel and the schoolroom and enthusiastic services were held the remaining part of the day. Sermons were preached, and addresses were given, but the worship mostly took the form prayer and praise. The last service closed in the schoolroom at 2.30 a. m. in order that the women who slept there might get a little rest, but I understand the women went on singing and praying until day break, when they were called to their morning meal before returning to their respective homes, or to be quite correct the meeting was carried on all along the roads in praise and prayer for forty or fifty miles until the Christians parted in small companies and reached their village homes.

This is a poor sketch of the Mairang Pentecostal Assembly, I hope to be able to send facts from the Districts later on.

R. Evans.

Others have written their impressions of the Assembly, and an account of the work in their districts since then. These interesting accounts will follow in a few days.

May the Lord use these imperfect accounts to lead others to pray for similar blessings.

J. Pengwern Jones.

The keys of the tomb are safe in the hands that were pierced.

The Winter of death is but the promise of the Spring of new life.

"LEST WE FORGET."

By Daisy May Twort.

"I am sorry, Grace."

Miss Maria Lane spoke slowly, as she glanced across the room at the daintily-gowned figure seated near the window.

"If Mrs. True needed that silver service, it would be different; and even if she did she could buy a dozen just like it. That is all I have left of my Christmas money; and I saved that for Him."

"And who may the very fortunate him be, pray?"

There was a disagreeable note in Grace Waterford's voice.

"The Christ-child; it belongs to him," Miss Maria replied simply.

"Some charity scheme, I suppose," Grace Waterford gave an expressive shrug.

"You would probably call it charity, it does not seem that way to me."

Then Miss Maria turned to her young niece who sat half-hidden among the gayly-colored cushions of a cosy corner.

"Pollie," she said, "get your Bible, and read to us Matt. 25:40."

Thus appealed to, the little girl swung open the tall bookcase door, and drew forth an elegantly-bound Bible. With the ease of a child carefully trained in a modern Bible school, she found the desired verse and read aloud, "And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

At the sound of the familiar words, a smile crossed Miss Maria's face.

"That's it. I think the Christ knew how we should feel when it came his birthday; that we should desire to do something just for him as it were, so he left us that verse that we might understand how to do it. Every year I save out some part of my Christmas money, and buy a gift for 'one of the least of these.' It seems more like really giving it to him when you plan for it with the rest of your gifts. Last year I bought Susie Sand, she is a girl who works in Higgins' candy store, a book which she said she had wanted for five years. The year before I gave old Granny Cole a Christmas dinner. There is always something one can do for somebody."

"Yes, you can surely find beggars enough on whom to throw our money away, if that is what you wish. You

are growing morbid over your religion, Maria. People wouldn't be so tolerant of your eccentricities, were it not for the fact that you come of a good family."

Miss Maria looked troubled at her sister's words, and turned to her young niece for consolation.

"And what does Pollie want Christmas Day to bring her?"

"A doll, Aunt Maria. I think I would like a doll that my great-great-grand-mother used to play with."

"Bless the child!" Miss Maria smiled approvingly. "You don't mean to tell me that there are any little girls left who play with dolls. I thought you would ask for an opera cloak or an automobile at least."

Pollie looked thoughtful.

"An automobile would be nice," she said reflectively, "but you see Felicia James and I are making a collection; and I am afraid that Felicia will get ahead of me, unless I have a doll at Christmas time; she has thirty-seven now, and I have but three more than she. She has one that came straight from Japan too."

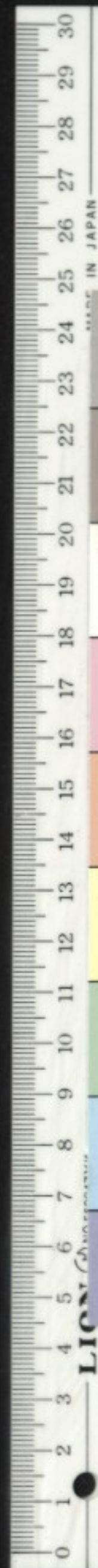
"Making a collection!" Miss Maria gasped. What sacrilege such an act would have seemed to the children of forty years ago when Miss Maria was a little girl! Those rag babies! Those smirking china dolls! How they were loved and cared for and idealized! A collection indeed! It was now Miss Maria's turn to shrug her shoulders. Pollie, however, was too much engrossed in her own thoughts to notice her aunt's distress. Presently the little girl spoke again.

"I think there are some children who never have dolls. One day Felicia and I saw such a miserable little girl looking in at the dolls in Burton's window, and she told the boy who was with her that she never had a doll of her very own. It must be sort of lonesome not to have a single doll."

It was this remark of her young niece that lingered long in Miss Maria's thoughts, turned itself over and over in her mind and finally led her to stand gazing in at the very window before which the little waifs had stood. After a few minutes of serious consideration, she passed resolutely into the store, and made her way to the toy department.

"Yes," she said in answer to the clerk's inquiry, "I want a doll; one with all the modern improvements," she added with a grim smile.

"Right this way, ma'am. We have hundreds of just the kind for which you are looking," and Miss Maria, following the lead of the brisk young salesman, soon found herself in a world of dolls. There were dolls that could walk and



dolls that could talk; there were dolls with black eyes and dolls with blue eyes; there were dolls with curly hair and dolls with straight hair, and dear little baby dolls with no hair at all.

Miss Maria gazed around in helpless bewilderment. Among so many, how could she choose one?

Then she raised her eyes to see smiling down at her the very doll of which she had dreamed, a big blue-eyed doll; it could talk, it could walk, it could laugh, it could cry, and best of all it was a doll to be loved.

"Just the dearest, cuddliest thing," Pollie Waterford exclaimed with such real enthusiasm that, for the time being, Miss Maria quite forgot that her niece was "Miss Waterford" and was making a collection.

The days that followed the doll's advent into its new home were very busy days.

"When I was a girl, a doll needed clothes," Miss Maria said, and thereupon proceeded to plan for this Christmas doll a most extravagant wardrobe.

Pollie Waterford looked on with growing interest in her aunt's work, and one day when the dainty dresses and stylish coats were almost finished, she appeared carrying a small trunk which seemed to have been made expressly for this most fortunate doll.

"Felicia and I thought you had better strike the limit while you were about it," she said as she placed the trunk on the floor.

Pollie's tones were careless, her manner almost indifferent; but deep down in her brown eyes shone the joy of the Christmas-tide.

That same day another event occurred which influenced the fortunes of the Christmas doll. Miss Maria received a letter asking her to serve as chairman of the Christmas committee of the First Baptist church.

It had been many years since Miss Maria had been appointed on a church committee of any sort; a fact for which she was herself in a large degree responsible.

Influenced by new thought and modern teachings, the church had stepped aside from the narrow path marked out by the fathers, to journey along that easier road that runs so close to that broad way where walk the children of the world.

Miss Maria did not approve of what she termed their "newfangled" ideas, and little by little had fallen from the ranks of busy workers. It was mere chance, as it seemed, which had placed her name once more on the working list; young Mrs. Bradley had been unable to take the place on the committee assigned to her, and had suggested Miss Maria as her substitute. Miss Maria received the appointment as a call to duty, and at once signified her willingness to accept the position of responsibility.

"We shan't have any slot machine Christmas, but a

genuine old-fashioned Christmas tree; not a gooseberry bush, but a good tall fir like those which used to grow down on the old home place. That's what we'll have, if I get my way."

Thus Miss Maria communed with herself, and as usually happened, when she set her heart on accomplishing a thing, she succeeded beyond even her own expectations. The other members of the committee eagerly hailed the idea of a Christmas "like those they used to have," and stood ready to help in the carrying out of the plan.

Though absorbed thus in her new work, Miss Maria did not forget the Christmas doll. From the first, there had been in her mind a strange connection between it and the Christmas tree. "But there are no poor little girls in our Sunday school," objected Pollie Waterford.

"It might help us to remember that it is His birthday," Miss Maria replied more to herself than to her young niece.

Thus it came about that on that eventful evening, from the topmost bough of that tall tree hung the wonderful Christmas doll.

Breathlessly, the children watched the disrobing of the tree. There were gifts in abundance for all, but, "Whose is the big, big doll?" was the question that trembled on many a lip.

There was a scream of delight from the younger children, when at last the young man who had been the most active in stripping the tree of its curious fruit, held the Christmas doll in his arms.

As his glance fell upon the ticket pinned to the blue dress, he silently passed the doll to the superintendent of the Sunday school, who in his turn handed it to the pastor.

Donald MacGene was a young man. The laurel wreath which fond schoolmasters had placed upon his brow had not yet faded. It was but a year ago since he first came among this people to break for them the bread of life. His frank cordiality of manner and his ready sympathy, together with a rare melody of voice and the gift of weaving into his sermons that which was most beautiful in thought and word, had won for him the love of the church and the approval of the world. His Christmas sermon of the Sunday before had been a masterly combination of wit and eloquence; he had moved his people to laughter and to tears, but what had he said for the Christ-child?

The thought brought a look of pain to the sensitive face of the young pastor.

Raising his hand to enjoin silence, he said, as he held the doll up to view.

"And here is a gift for the Christ-child.

To be continued.

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